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Vol. CXCVIII No. 5178

June 19 1940

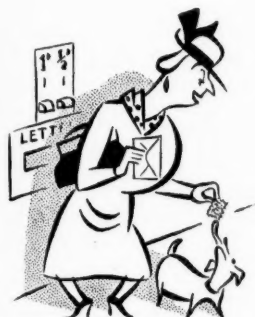
Charivaria

MANY railway station name-boards have been removed. It is suggested that some of the longer Welsh ones should be left to delay possible parachutists even further.

A Pittsburg merchant has built his own mausoleum at a cost of half a million dollars. He seems to be generous to a vault.

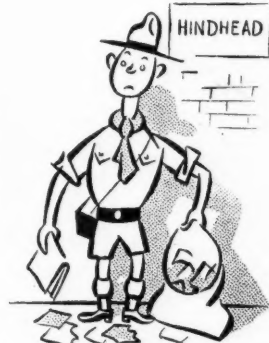
A member of the A.T.S. who was stranded in a Hampshire village had to sleep on the billiard-table in the local inn. A miss in balk, so to speak.

An American journalist recently in Berlin says that the amount of alcohol consumed at the German War Office is enormous. The Bottle and Juggernaut Department.



A philatelist says that he does not know what to think of the centenary commemoration stamps. But he must admit that they take some licking.

"Our chief problem is to induce the public to take all waste paper to collection centres," says an official. They should try calling the collection centres national beauty spots.



It is said that even at his war headquarters HITLER is supplied with his favourite coloured cream-cakes. Apparently the FUEHRER has never quite given up his interior decorating.

A woman in Lincolnshire stayed in her dug-out for seventeen hours because she did not hear the "All Clear" signal. The A.R.P. might have sent her a postcard.

A Kent poultry-farmer declares that his hens have laid much better since a German bomb was dropped near his farm. We must paint a red cross on our fowl-house.

A Berlin newspaper says that a large body in Germany thinks German aeroplanes the best in the world. Marshal GOERING, for instance.

Herr HITLER is to make another speech to the German people this month. But surely they heard him the first time.



"There is too much American dance music on the radio," complains a correspondent. We take it that he doesn't object to a reasonable amount of RAYMOND GRAM SWING.

"Public collections to be known as 'Gifts of the German people for the building of ersatz warships' have been opened in Germany," says the German radio. A Sinking Fund, of course.

"Nobody in England will know when HITLER decides to visit them," says a German general. Then he can hardly expect to be asked to participate in "In Town To-night."

May 1940

THEIRS a bright torch held high and glowing
When the fell victory seemed completed,
The far-flung flag of treachery flowing
Over the ranks of the defeated.

Theirs a bright torch, no flick'ring wonder,
No will-o'-the-wisp for weak men's yearning;
Through the mad lightnings and the thunder
They bore the torch of freedom burning.

No hesitations, no hurt blaming,
No halt, no parley, no plea tendered;
Ever a torch held high and flaming,
Bright in withdrawal, unsundered.

What though the tale of mischance mounted?
Inches they ceded, no respiting,
Nothing impossible accounted,
Fighting to the uttermost, and then fighting.

Finished that epic hard homebringing . . .
Let the foe have his fond illusion . . .
If the lion leap backward before springing,
To whom the ultimate confusion?

o o

Training for the Land Army

Livestock

YOU will have seen this word on auction bills in country stations, and you may even have worried out that it was another way of saying *live stock*, though I don't suppose you thought much more about it. But as soon as you join the Land Army you will find, as Miss Fisher and I did, that you are in the thick of a whole lot of livestock. They can be divided into *Cows, Pigs, Hens* and *Other Animals*, and in that order I shall tell you about them.

Cows.—The farm you train at will have about forty cows. When Miss Fisher enrolled she put, in the space for details, "Will go anywhere. Will do any work but cows." She underlined "any" twice, but, as she said, she never thought it would do any good.



"... and what's more, it's ABSOLUTELY different from the one broadcast an hour ago."

Miss Fisher said her first night at the farm she thought just how many times in her life she had heard of a cow attacking anyone else, let alone had it happen to her, and she had to admit she never had. Then she thought how cows look pretty slow in the uptake and are only really keen on eating grass. Then she thought how there was a war on. Finally she thought herself into a state of fairly calm fatalism. After a fortnight Miss Fisher suddenly found *she wasn't afraid of cows any more*. She said it made life pretty dull.

The main thing to remember is that once a cow realizes you come from London you're sunk. Don't wear lipstick. I don't think you should even smoke Turkish cigarettes. Soon you will have yourself, as well as the cows, thinking you have never been near London in your life.

Now for the actual milking. The first day you will milk perhaps one cow. (Miss Fisher did three-quarters and the second cowman finished it.) The next day you will do two. By the end of the month you will have slowed up and stuck at seven. Miss Fisher got there after three weeks but went back to six because, as the farmer said, we had used up all the quiet cows.

The farmer can't tell you *how* to milk a cow. He will only say it's a knack. (All farmers say this about everything.) Don't be led into thinking you will ever get this knack. On your first day, half-way through your first cow, you will suddenly feel you have been milking it for two hours and will milk it for two hours more. You will get exactly the same feeling every time you milk a cow for the rest of your training. Miss Fisher said that some days she whiled away the time trying to piece together that poem about Horatius keeping the bridge, and some days she thought of all the streets in S.W.1 beginning with, say, T. You'll probably find something to think about.

All cows have names. They are called Daffodil, Cowslip, Crumple, Tulip or Lizzie. This makes, on a farm of forty cows, an average of eight cows to a name, which is confusing, but as no cow knows its name it doesn't matter.

When you go up to a cow to milk it you should talk to it so as not to take it by surprise. Miss Fisher said she felt silly trying to think of different things to say to each cow, but I don't think that matters either. The farmer always got along with what sounded like, as far as we could make it out, "Whoa there, Pretty!"

Pigs.—Next to cows, you will probably have most to do with pigs. All anyone outside a farm knows about pigs is that it isn't true that they are as dirty as they are made out to be. It is. They are. Well, perhaps disgusting more than actually dirty.

Pigs eat some kind of sandy stuff mixed with skim-milk; you carry it in a bucket across the yard, trying not to spill it over you. The door of a pigsty opens inwards, and you have to force it open through the pigs milling round it and then get back for the bucket before they rush out and start climbing up the bucket. You empty the pig-feed into the trough, and as by this time the pigs will be in the trough you empty it over the pigs as well. Now you have to get out of the sty before the pigs have finished, or they will be stampeding the gate for more. The whole thing takes about thirty seconds.

In between eating, pigs go to sleep. They have no names and there is nothing else to learn about them.

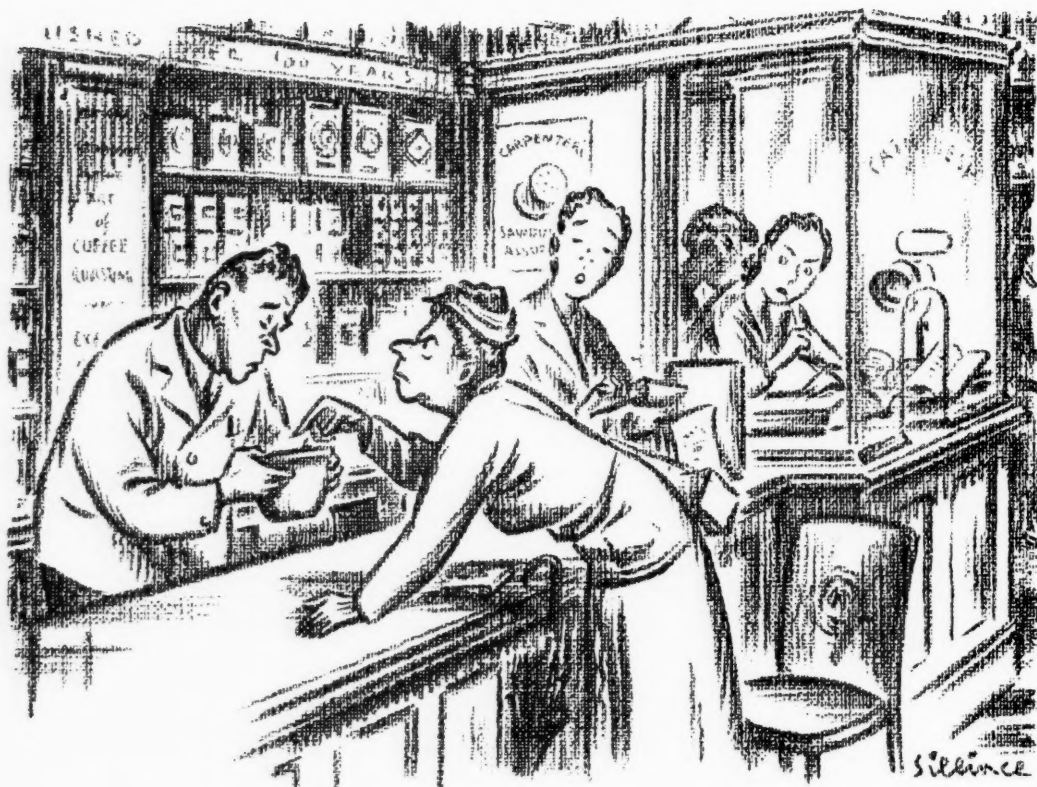
Hens.—Every farm has hens. The farmer's wife looks after them, but when there is nothing else to do you may have to help with them, which means trying to get them from one side of a wire-netting fence to the other.

There is of course no way of getting a hen from one side



THICKER THAN WATER

"Now, Sam, step on it!"



"I wonder what our brave sailors who bring them to us would say if they knew that out of a dozen of your foreign eggs two were bad!"

of a wire-netting fence to the other, especially when it is on the side with the currant-bushes. All you can do is go over to where you last saw it and cluck. Sooner or later the hen runs by mistake through the door in the fence and the farmer's wife shuts the door. By this time the same, or another, hen will have found the same, or another, hole in the wire-netting.

The only other thing about hens is that they lay eggs. They lay them on the window-ledges of the pigsty and you have to collect them every morning. One morning Miss Fisher collected five eggs too many. She said she had found them under a hen on a window-ledge in the cow-shed. The farmer's wife said the hen had been trying to hatch them. Generally speaking, unless you *want* to learn about hens it's better to leave them to the farmer's wife.

Other Animals.—You needn't bother much about these. You will know about dogs and cats already. There is usually a goat on a chain, but all you need know about that is how long the chain is. There are a few turkeys and geese but they count as hens. There is always at least one horse on a farm. It wears a lot of harness and pulls a big earthy cart, and sometimes the farmer lets you drive it. This is easy, as the horse knows where to go and goes there anyway, whichever rein you pull.

The first day Miss Fisher and I went out with the horse

and cart she kept the farmer waiting ten minutes while she made her face up and fixed her hair. She said afterwards it was because she had had a sudden hunch a Press photographer might happen to be passing. She went on having this hunch and ended up by always carrying all her make-up things in her pocket, because she said you never knew. But on the whole I don't think you need bother about that either.

NOTICE

PAPER SHORTAGE

Owing to drastic restrictions, the supply of paper is very much curtailed, with the result that our readers may find difficulty in obtaining PUNCH unless an order is given in advance.

To avoid disappointment a definite order for PUNCH weekly should be given immediately to your Newsagent or direct to PUNCH Office. Subscription, inclusive of Extra Numbers: Inland Postage 30/- per annum (15/- six months); Overseas, 36/6 per annum (Canada, 34/- per annum).



"England expects . . ."

Especially After Dunkirk

IT was as if the girl on the other side of the tea-table had been handed a telegram containing bad news and were looking piteously across the top of it. Only she had not been handed a telegram, so she must have just thought of something.

In case she fainted I made ready to pass the water with one hand and to fan her with the bill of fare with the other; but she remained transfixed, so I said:

"Is anything the matter?"

She spoke as if coming out of a trance.

"You're in the A.F.S., aren't you? It may seem rude of me to stare, but you have just reminded me of something—like pillar-boxes and fountain-pens, you know. I've left a kettle on the gas."

"And," I replied, "it will be hot by now?"

"The kitchen will be full of steam. The water will boil away. Then the heat will burn a hole in the kettle, and fill the place with black fumes and smuts."

"And there will be the smell."

"Then, finally, a fire. You see the connection?"

"Can't you ring up the neighbours and ask someone to dash in quick with a bucket of water?"

"Where I live people don't have telephones. These are country cottages."

"Then you had better sprint for it. Or," I added, making the expected offer tardily, "shall I go?"

"I was wondering that, but how would you get in?"

"If the house is on fire I shall go up the firemen's ladder which I hope will by that time be in position, or dive in head-first through a ground-floor window. If it is not on fire I shall neatly prise the door open with your key."

She was looking at me now with a change of expression.

"Of course, it's just occurred to me . . . you're actually somebody I've just spoken to by chance. I mean . . . if I never saw you again, or got my key back, I should get no sympathy from anybody. 'Well, really,' they'd say, 'you certainly did ask for it—just giving your key over like that, I mean, to some completely strange man.'"

I cupped my chin in my hand.

"If," I said patiently, for I like quick decisions, "I am sufficiently quixotic to go all the way to your place to turn out the gas, I don't see why you can't be quixotic enough to trust me."

"Yes, there is that; and then I suppose you *do* go into other people's places putting out fires and that sort of thing, professionally, as it were, and you are trusted, I suppose, on principle—like window-cleaners."

"Or distrusted—like charwomen."

"Actually what worries me most," she went on, "is that the place will be untidy."

"Oh, I see."

"I'm not sure there may not be some rather intimate things of mine on a horse. And then, you see, I've got to stay here because I have an appointment, and if I once go away they'll never find me. And if I leave you on guard to tell them where I've gone, and *you* have to stay, then you might as well go, because with your long legs you might be quicker. But then, how would you find me again

to give me back the key if I have gone with my friends?"

"Well," I said, "I could leave the key under the flower-pot. But don't you think you had better make up your mind before the whole house catches fire?"

"Yes, and there is one thing—that when you come back, having done it, and I get home and find nothing touched, I shall really be very proud of having trusted you when nobody else would have done."

She stopped abruptly. Instead of a grateful blush her face looked suddenly blank again.

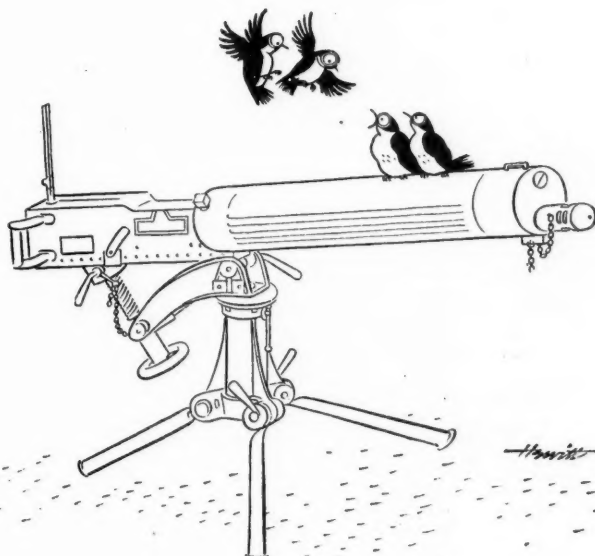
"I say, do you know, I do believe I've been getting into a flap about nothing? Now that I think again, I *did* turn out the gas. Just before I came out! I can remember now, quite distinctly, because I moved the horse too. I don't know what made me think I hadn't, except I suppose it must have been seeing somebody in the A.F.S., like that. Just the auto-something of ideas, apparently."

"Maybe," I said, "except that I do think people ought in these times to know the uniform of the Marines when they see it."

"Reported German successes rumours as to Italy's intentions sent prices tumbling on Wall-street yesterday. . . . Socks touched the lowest levels since last September as a result of three heavy selling waves."

Daily Paper.

But America's pulling them up now.



" . . . I like that! Why, we knew this when it was a pair of park gates!"

In Tientsin Now

WOULD it surprise you to see a section of Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard on duty in, say, Lombard Street seriously engaged in de-bagging the honourable manager of the Yokohama Specie Bank, London branch? I'll say it would. And yet you can often see something like that, only the other way round, here in Tientsin. And you don't have to pay for the show either.

A Briton who wishes to move from the British Concession to a Japanese occupied area adjoining is in for a grim trip. He may be tied to a post, he may be threatened with a bayonet, he may be stripped, but in any case he will be forced to stand by the barriers for hours while others of all sizes and kinds are allowed to pass freely. And this because he bears a card of identification which merely certifies that he is a native of a friendly nation!

If you have a spot of enterprise and don't mind a joke you can get away with it occasionally. One quite sound method is to leave your identification card at home. It bears a coloured imprint of the proud Union Jack and Japanese sentries hate it. You stand a far better chance of getting through the barriers with the least delay if you carry a card of your own design. Any Chinese printer will turn you out one with enough ill-spelt printing on it to stump any oriental sentry. Should you have some skill with a brush you need only sketch a tasteful design in flags on the cover to make it thoroughly convincing.

I advise you to avoid any combination of red, white and blue in your colour scheme. It may make the sentry see red only.

Procedure is simple. You approach the sentry, tendering your work of art for inspection. Be ready with answers, which should be delivered with sangfroid and at the rate of knots. He glowers a spot at first—it's a habit he has developed.

"Ah! Inglissh, huh?"

"No, I am a native of Sirocco."

An inward hiss, a pause and the rest of the hiss.

"You, uh, come from, uh, Ssroko, huh?"

"I am a native of Sirocco."

"Sss—you have consulate here, huh?"

"No, I am a native of Sirocco."

"Sss, huh—stay long time here, huh?"

"No, I am shortly returning to Sirocco."

You see the general idea? Make it

simple. Avoid your normal Oxford accent or a Piccadilly crawl and hold on tightly to your native dignity. The sentry will shrink from revealing his ignorance of geography in case you may smile, and he is very sensitive about smiles. Keep it up and you may shortly expect to be jerked past the barrier as something not worth bothering about.

Note.—If you propose to re-enter the Concession before that sentry goes off duty, try another barrier. Even sentries may learn in time.

My friend Tomlinson adopted a pretty device with some success when returning from Peitaiho, a small seaside resort along the coast.

Arriving at Tientsin, he was obliged to show his passport. On producing His Majesty's recommendation to courtesy, he was at once regarded with loathing and was hustled away from his fellow passengers to be searched and cross-examined in a shed erected near the railway station for the reception of Britons and other offfal.

Here he was haled before a Japanese officer seated at a small desk and was left to stand there without attention. But Tomlinson had not come unprepared.

He is a pleasant little man with twinkling eyes. Opening his bag, he rather fussily pulled out a rolled-up bath towel, very wet and very sandy. This he deposited on the desk. His action was ignored.

He then produced an equally wet and far more sandy bathing dress. As he held it up, gently shaking it out, a quantity of damp sand was sprayed over the desk. The honourable officer raised his head and regarded my friend sourly.

"From Peitaiho—swimming, only swimming," explained Tomlinson with a pleasant smile. Apparently eager to make his meaning clear, he let the saturated garment fall with a squashy flop on to the nice desk and illustrated the motions of swimming with his arms.

A foul odour crept about the room. It quickly gained strength. It developed pungency. The officer shifted uneasily. The smell grew and grew. It waxed to a loathsome stench. The little man persevered with his explanation, a smile on his face but tears of agony in his eyes. Even he, to whom this development was not unexpected, was staggered by its intensity. For one weak sickening moment he almost regretted having wrapped a very dead rock-crab in his very wet towel.

It worked, though. The officer, accustomed as he was to a fish diet, could readily detect good fish smells from bad fish smells. He evidently classed this smell as intolerably bad. With a horrified face he lurched heavily towards the window, protecting his nose with one hand and violently waving Tomlinson away with the other.

The little man smiled his thanks with a polite "*Sayonara*," gathered his belongings and, discreetly dropping the contents of his towel behind the honourable desk, passed through the door and freely through the barrier.

A severe method perhaps, but better than having to enter the Concession lacking trousers. And it saved a two-hours' wait.

o o

The Day of Little Ships

LONG after the shadow of war is fled
And the last battle is fought
Men will remember the Little ships

And the great thing they wrought.

We shall tell over with laughter and tears

The homely names they bore—
They, not meant for the baptism of fire
And the grim uses of war.

Paddler, dinghy and sailing-berge,
Eagle and *Queen* and *Belle*,
And the humble *Marthas* of the ports
That have no name to tell.

Let us remember them and their men
Who asked not fee nor fame,
But all they knew was a job to do,
And they spat on their palms and they came.

They dared the hell of the shell-swept dunes,

The hell of the bomb-torn tide,
They cared not a damn if they sank or swam,

Nor yet if they lived or died.

Home they came from that coast of death,

Each with her tale of men,
Stayed but to set them ashore—and so
Back to hell's mouth again. . . .

Therefore, while England's cliffs shall stand,

And the Channel tides do roll,
Let us remember the Little Ships—
How on the Day of the Little Ships
They saved an army whole.

C. F. S.



THE HOUR OF THE HYENA



"The cavalry are billeted there now."

Who Threw That Bucket?

MY last few days in Manchester have been given a strange quality—dream-like I might call it, with my gift for phrase—by an article in the *Manchester Evening News* on June 6th. It began:

"Do you ever close your eyes, ridding yourself at once of the handicap of not being able to see through a brick wall or over a hill-top, and then empty your mind and let it drop into nothingness just as a bucket is emptied and thrown down a well?"

(If you don't, write "NO" or "CERTAINLY NOT." It is not sufficient to leave this space blank.)

It is a thing we should all do more often, you will agree—to treat our minds as buckets. Many of us would regard them with more affection, of course, if they actually were buckets. As a matter of fact we probably all know persons whose minds, though perhaps not yet literally buckets, are well on the way to . . . But all this is getting us nowhere, or at least to the wrong place. The great thing is to be able to empty one's own mind, bucket or no bucket, and the state I am in as a result of trying to deal so with mine is remarkable.

The fact is that I have tried this sort of thing before and I can never make it work. The snag is that emptying process. I can let my mind drop into nothingness, I can throw it all over the place—like a bucket (*clang! thunk!*)—but the trouble I have to take to empty it is immense. I find it impossible indeed to empty my mind. No matter what I do it remains full of *something*.

Yet the rewards of emptying one's mind seem to be worth having. The writer of the article quoted above

declares that a Church of England missionary once told him that "this emptying of the mind is the first step towards that power of travel outside the confines of the body which, it is believed by many quite wise men, is the possession of certain mystics of the East." I should be much gratified to possess the power of travel outside the confines of the body, but it just looks as if I shall have to stay inside, fretting over my old full bucket and trying not to wonder what a pig would make of the contents.

One's instinctive reaction when told to empty the mind is to go back to the more familiar metaphor and try to make the mind a blank. Now the obvious way of doing this is—I speak for myself, but if you have a better method you're a genius—to think of some large blank expanse. The trouble with a large blank expanse is that it always seems to have edges; and once one remembers these edges one falls off them, probably into a sea of troubles. If one tries to skate back from the edges of the large blank expanse, one thinks—I speak for myself—of Sonja Henie. Usually one falls down, all the same.

Does one do any better if one changes one's approach and thinks of one's mind as a bucket? I say No. Emptying one's mind then involves turning it upside down, and this—I speak for myself—makes one dizzy. Besides, even when one has turned it upside down, why should all the junk inside be so obliging as to fall out? Would *nothing* stick to the inside of the bucket? Every time I turn mine upside down I find odd potato-peelings and cabbage-leaves still dangling from it. They prove on examination to be "Thirty days hath September," or the specific gravity of tin, or a crackling passage of dialogue from a Punch-and-Judy show, the performance of which I knew by heart at the age of eight. Identifying them plays hell with that first step towards the power of travel outside the confines of the body.

Another thing that makes it difficult for me is that whenever I read of travel outside the confines of the body I think of a man I once heard of who was so acute a case of claustrophobia that he could not bear even the thought that he was inside, and could not get out of, his head. I hesitate to imagine his reaction to the statement that he was not only inside his head but also inside a bucket.

Finally there is the question of throwing one's empty bucket down a well. . . .

The missionary referred to in the article told a story of a Buddhist abbot in Ceylon who, "on awakening from the trance, described to the missionary a place that was obviously Trafalgar Square, and an open-air meeting that ended in disorder." The missionary, allowing for Greenwich Time, found out that an open-air meeting actually had ended in disorder at that particular moment. That's what a Buddhist abbot can do with *his* bucket.

But even so it doesn't seem to me to suggest very good prospects for mine. Suppose I do succeed in emptying mine, potato-peelings, cabbage-leaves, coffee-grounds and all; suppose I then hopefully let it drop down a well; what sort of a chump am I going to feel if when I pull it up again it proves to be full of the last two minutes in the middle of the Sahara, or in Iceland, or in an old black bag at the bottom of a derelict Cornish tin-mine? There seems to be no way of taking aim, as it were, with one's bucket. . . .

I propose to keep mine where it is, full. As for yours, I suggest that you fill it with sand and put it on the top-floor landing beside a long-handled shovel.

R. M.

For Adolf's Tombstone

"THIS IS DEFINITELY MY LAST TERRITORIAL DEMAND."



A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY

*"Whoever makes the fewest people uneasy
Is the best-bred man in the company."*

SWIFT.

Talks for the Times

I DO feel it's such a privilege to be here to-night, talking to all you mothers about this very important question of . . . Yes, of course, that was quite a slip wasn't it, because one does so absolutely realize that one is really talking to the Guild of Paper-Rose-Makers' Junior League, and *not* to our wonderful mothers, who were yesterday afternoon.

So what I really want to get down to is this tremendous question of *what* we talk about, *how* we talk about it, *who* we talk about it to—or, really, to whom we talk about it—*when* we talk about it, and above all *why*. We've all got to realize that talking is really quite one of those things that we've got to do without, ever so cheerfully, in this war—and that's why I've come here to talk to you mother—you Guild of Paper-Rose-Makers—to-night.

I want you all to realize very, very clearly that those of us who give away strategic, naval and military secrets to the enemy are doing something definitely unpatriotic.

We all know, I expect, where places like Birmingham and Coventry and Devonport are on the map, but it just doesn't do to go pointing out things like that in days like these when somebody may be listening. The golden rule, I always think, is to say *nothing* when there's even the least little chance of your being heard by anybody at all.

Now I want to tell you a little story about a dear friend of mine, living in a very tiny cottage who does hand-weaving most artistically, in the very middle of the moors.

She was having a friend to tea and suddenly the friend asked her: "What are you making, dear?" And my friend was just going to answer that she was making a *scarf* for the Navy when a thought struck her. She went straight to the window which was open, and shut it.

Then, quite quietly, she answered the question. But by that very simple action in shutting the window, although it happened to be a very hot day and the room is extremely small, she had put a stop to any possible leakage of information, because we've all got to remember that nowadays one does *not* know. One simply knows nothing, ever, about anything, at any time. So that it's particularly important not to pass on one's information in any direction at all, isn't it?

I mean, if a stranger—particularly anyone with a strong German accent who looks like a foreigner and is carrying any sort of machine-gun—enters into conversation with you and begins asking about Lord Gort, or even Mr. Winston Churchill, you've just got to remember that it's best to turn the conversation. You know, you can always do that with

some little reference to the weather—though even there I think you must be a bit careful, because you don't want to bring on an air-raid, do you?—or perhaps you could just start a little discussion on present-day fashions, which we women can't quite forget even in war-time, can we? There, again, remember that in talking about hats and veils and so on we must leave out any reference to our gas-masks just now—though after the war, if we're still wearing them, it'll be quite a different thing.

Well, now I do hope that I've succeeded in putting before you the very great importance of not saying one single word that you wouldn't want Hitler to hear, because after all he does want all the information he can get, and one can't always be sure who's listening.

But, as a dear old lady whom I used to know many years ago in the Cotswolds, always said: "It's quite a good idea to look under all the beds and behind the curtains and in all the wardrobes every night," don't you agree? Of course what one always looked for in those happier times of peace that we all so hope will soon return, was *burglars*—but nowadays it'll just be quite ordinary people like ourselves, won't it, listening to everything, and then going off to repeat it right and left.

So in order to avoid that, let's not say anything at all, don't you think? And now I really must break off, because I was talking to the mothers last night, and I'm addressing another meeting to-morrow, and have quite a lot of talks ahead of me about the tremendous importance of not saying one single word until after the end of the war.

E. M. D.

o o

One Cause of Insomnia

"BUCKFASTLEIGH AFFAIRS."

BULLOCK ENTANGLED IN BEDSTEAD LEADS TO COMPLAINT."

West-Country Paper.

DAVID
LANGDON

"All right, all right. I've only two pairs of hands."



"Cigarettes, boys? These are herbal and home-made!"

Letters of Lotti

VERY RESPECTED MISTER PUNSCH,—My gossip-letter this week from Hundskadaverberg shall bring you our much sympathy. So long England our life-aspirations not hinder, wish we ever to be friends, and so it makes us grief in knowing how are conditions in your land. We hear you are afraid to go out at night or to make business at day. All work and tradings stopped at the East Coast from invasion terror, and peoples fear-stricken in their holes in the ground at

thinking of our Air Force striking at London.

Talking of what, my father's cousin Wilhelm—he what is the brother of Ernst which I have already speak about, the Ober-Truncheon Man in Central Gestapo and very similar to him, though Ernst has the by much more beautiful shallow brow and arms who dangle longer—Wilhelm is in our glorious German Air Force. Yesterday he come back on leave and have telled us of his so brave exploits in

Belgium and North-France, where, I must now admit it, we Germans have invaded. But they it was what think to invade us first, so that it is only right we had should invade them. Wilhelm is a so chivalrous boy that he praise the belgier Army because it lay down its arms so bravely when her noble King, so faithful to his friends, order them for to do it. Your Englisch Army also had should do the similar when suddenly you find your allies be more wise as to go on fighting us, but you always was a stupid people and not known when you was beaten. But of the belgier civilians Wilhelm can speak no good, because they continued always to fight. They streamed along the roads with the only purpose to hinder the tanks of our brave Panzer Divisions; still more they often wantonly throwed themselves in front, what damage the tank tracks quite sometimes when they are overrun. And yet worse, they fought our Air Force too from under by to shake the fists and even to hide in ditches in order to preventing to be seen, what is to say they ferociously impeded the observations of our aeroplanes. All this is not more to be tolerated an instant, and Wilhelm has have many battles with these coward Belgiers who skulk below and come not up to meet his plane in the air how brave fighters have should.

Indeed he tell us all—and how very we hang to his words—that he have a near escape from die in a battle with them before two weeks. He with six further planes was on patrol when they see a fierce herd of belgier civilians what man the road and make a stream with carts and perambulators full of stores and other arms of war. Though very outnumbered, for he have but eighteen men in his planes and they measured many hundreds, he dash with machine guns and bombs to the attack. And just as he have made a gallant sortie along the line, a man throw a brick. Think how near the escape! If the brick would been hurled while Wilhelm passing, instead many metres behind of him, and if it would been throwed two hundred metres up, it had might strike his plane and perhaps it had would penetrate the armour and broke the petrol-tank and make him to need landing. At once he dash to the attack again, very angerful, and he are sure he had would achieve victorious. Unluckily, great reinforcements appear on horizon, what was an Englisch Spitfire plane, and Wilhelm only by very clever removed all his planes unhurt to a different place.

Pardon that it take so long to tell, but it is thrilling, no? Tante Hilde even cry and at once kiss Our Fuehrer's

portrait, because she think he had have also a narrow escape, for he might in Wilhelm's plane been.

Not lesser in bravery is our German fleet, in what Uncle Kaspar take much pride because he once excused for a day at Wilhelmshaven and see a battleship. He count all the brave deeds they done to preventing our ships from been grasped by English hands, but he is sad over the fast way you seem to build ships, in spite of the to us very known fact that all your dockyard workers are in mutiny and too that there is no iron for to build ships because Germany have it all got. For he have made count from the British warships who we have sunken—and he have taken this not from the papers, who sometimes perhaps a little exaggerate, but from the bald nude statements of Dr. Goebbels himself, whose figures cannot lie. He say that we already have sunk four ships more than the British Navy had by beginning the war and you still have several skulking by the behind of Iceland. Therefore you musted have been building more fast than we had calculated—and moreover entitled them with the old names to swindle us. He have proved conclusively that you have builded three aircraft carriers called *Ark Royal* since last year's October.

Terrible news come from Frau Tortenlos, which her son is been reported hard wounded. That is terrible for itself but worse news that is in the last fighting in North-France the British have many of our prisoners let be deliberately killed by *our own people*. Can God and Our Leader . . . pardon, I have should to say Our Leader and God . . . allow to be such things? For it seem the English swines have on the roofs of the prison camps the Red Cross painted. Such abusement of the Red Cross in war-times is unthinkable. Hundreds from our poor prisoners has by this mean trick been bombt by German bombs! I cannot nothing but spit.

I must shut. I can for indignation no more write.

LOTTI.

PS.—Uncle Willi is ill. I have told you that he *will* taste the parcels who come through the post. This time he was so hungry he eat a parcel without to taste it, and it contain a pair of rubber shoes. He *say* they was the best rubber shoes what he had ever have—but yet they have made him ill. Poor Uncle Willi!

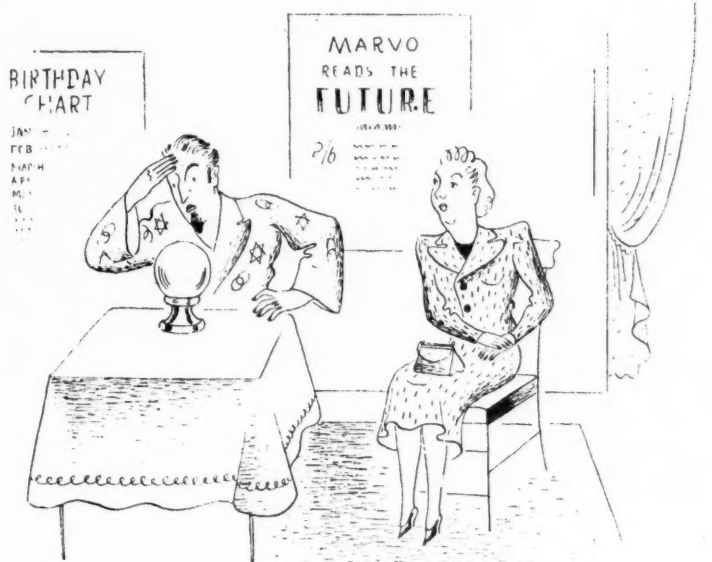
A. A.

Encouragement

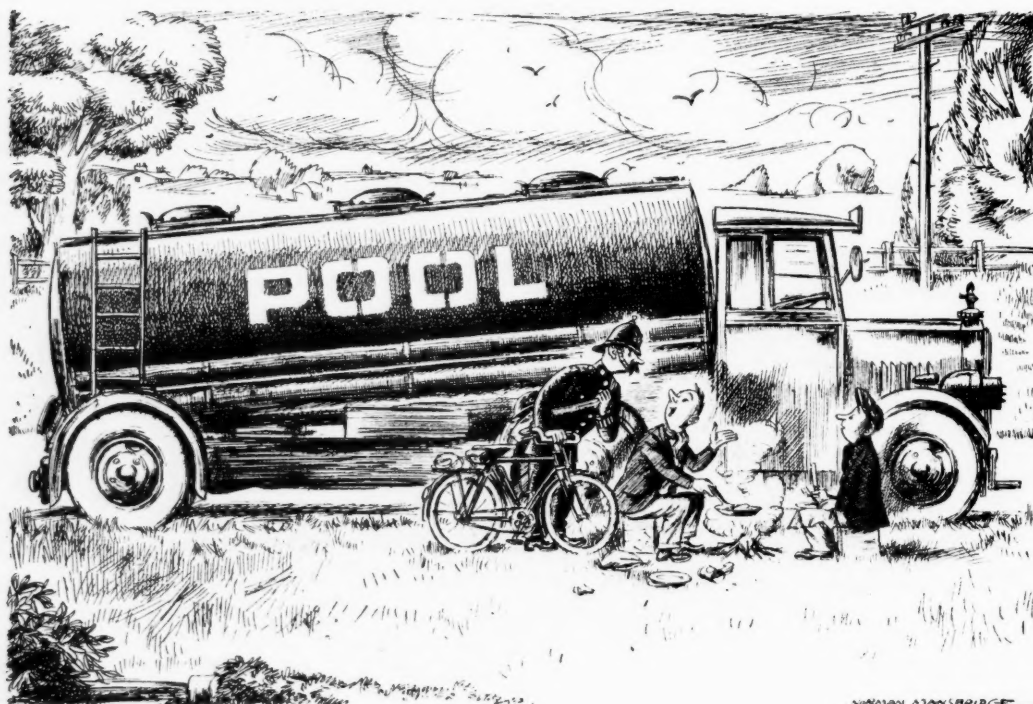
"FOLD HERE AND TUCK IN"
Reminder about new Ration-books.

Soldier, Farewell

TO-NIGHT no friends to greet you, no cheers, no laughter,
Music of bands, gay flags or songs of parting;
The silent decks of ghost grey ships are waiting,
And only winds salty as tears caress your lips.
Of what are they whispering, of death or glory?
In this chill secret hour, soldier, are you still brave
With the high courage of war-virgin untried men?
Soldier, farewell.



murray



"We can't get any more units till the end of the month."

Midsummer Night-watch: L.D.V.

AT least a kind of soldier once again,
My midnight vigil, heavy-eyed, I keep,
And try to pity comfortable men
Relaxed, as mere civilians still, in sleep;
How much more noble my nocturnal lot,
Protecting them and theirs—a parashot!

The darkened homes of decent folk I know
Around my elevated outpost lie,
Pathetically helpless roofs, below
The vastness of the dim suspected sky—
From which, however, nothing need they fear
So long as I'm awake and watchful here.

And if I had a tendency to sleep
And put on peace-time habitudes the blame,
You, cornerake, hidden in the hayfield deep,
Would guard me from the sentry's crowning shame;
You let no moment's soothing silence pass
Without your challenge from the dew-grey grass.

And when at long, long last I am relieved
And lay me down to snooze awhile in peace,
Shall you regard your object as achieved
And, for the sake of my earned slumber, cease?
Or must you play this part the whole night through,
Keeping alert the next-for-duty too?

Ah, how you keep on keeping on, harsh bird!
Has your hypnotic ventriloquial voice
A sweetly lyric eloquence when heard
By the coy cornerake-lady of your choice?
Is there no variation she prefers?
If not, how different my taste from hers!

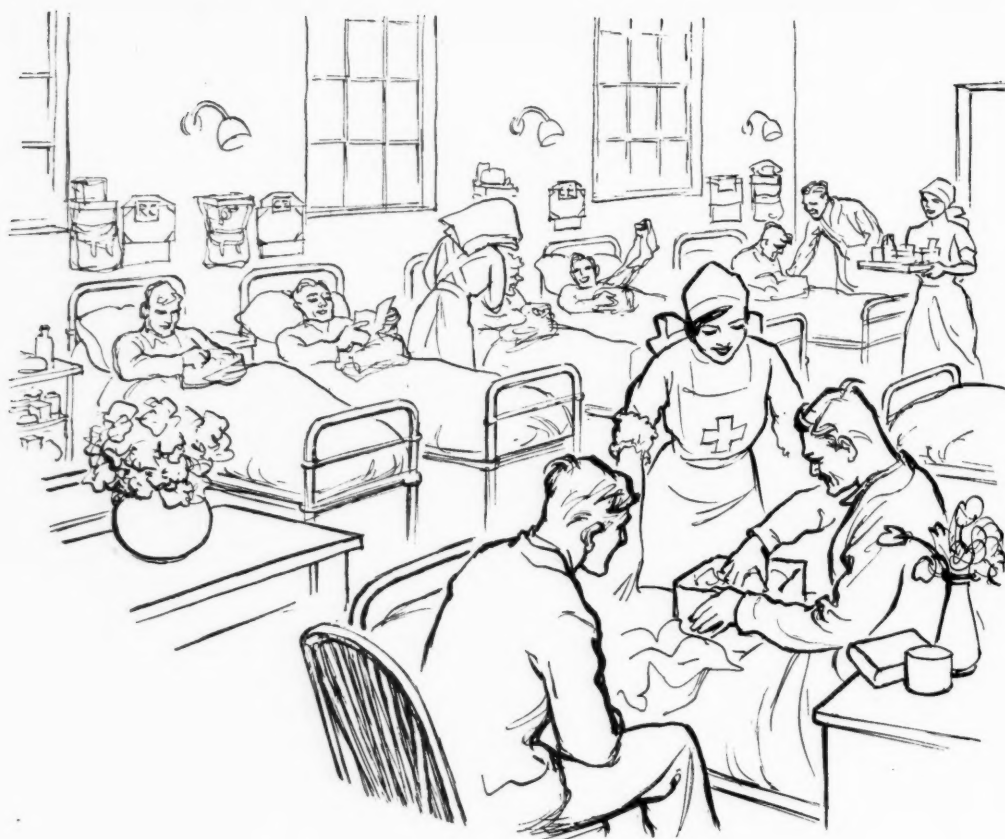
Scarce has the afterglow's last flush withdrawn,
Reluctant evening scarce made way for night,
And yet already there's a thrill of dawn,
A zephyr's sigh, a prophecy of light—
But you'll go on, I'm very much afraid,
Giving as aubade what was serenade!

W. K. H.



HOMAGE TO OUR SISTER, FRANCE

"Entendez-vous dans les campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras
Égorger nos fils, nos compagnes."—["LA MARSEILLAISE"]



Mr. PUNCH'S HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND

THE Hospitals are now more than ever in urgent need of supplies for the wounded, medical and surgical appliances of every kind.

Apart from these, the Air Force, the Army in France, the Navy patrolling the seas, the crews of our minesweepers, the men at searchlight posts and anti-aircraft stations, still require extra comforts such as Balaclava helmets, sea-boot stockings, gloves, mittens and woollen waistcoats.

Our Fund has already bought and distributed a large amount of raw material to be made into comforts for men serving and for Hospital patients, but there is demand for much more.

If you can spare a contribution will you please address it to: Punch Hospital Comforts Fund, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Impressions of Parliament

Synopsis of the Week

Tuesday, June 11th.—Lords: Italy's Action Condemned.

Commons: Statement by Mr. Attlee. Criticism of Mr. Duff Cooper's Broadcast on Italy.

Wednesday, June 12th.—Lords: Debate on Loyalty of B.B.C.

Commons: Statement on Children's Evacuation to the Dominions. Debate on Civil Defence.

Thursday, June 13th.—Lords: Debate on Clipping of Right and Left Wings.

Commons: Debate on Evacuation.

Tuesday, June 11th.—Honourable Italians must be bowing their heads in shame at the ignominious situation into which they have been led by their acquiescence in the leadership of a gang of unscrupulous power-maniacs. The dishonour they have now earned in history is greater than that of Germany in as much as their civilization is superior. The Lords did not mince their words to-day about the wretched MUSSOLINI.

At Question-time in the Commons, Mr. BOOTHBY announced the decision to raise the price of milk by 4d. a gallon from July 1st, a temporary measure while an inquiry is investigating costs, to supply a pint of milk a day at 2d. to expectant mothers and children under school age, and to distribute free milk to poor households.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, "going to it" with a vengeance, has already had a recommendation from his new Tank Board that civilians skilled in mass production should control production and that a General should be appointed to represent all the demands of the Army.

Deputising for the P.M., Mr. ATTLEE made a statement on the situation in rather general terms. He explained that Norway, from which we had withdrawn to save it from further destruction, would now lend us all the resources she could. He regretted the recent naval losses in those waters. Of Italy he spoke with the contempt she deserved. "Hardly ever before in history can the decision to embroil a great nation in war have been taken so wantonly and with so little excuse." Italy had declared war for "completely

sordid and material motives." MUSSOLINI put forward the arguments of the petty sneak-thief. France was stabbed in the back by the descendants of the men she freed. These were already

finding what was meant by sea-power. And the latest words of President ROOSEVELT made it "inevitable that, however hard the road, the cause of civilization will in the end prevail."

It seemed surprising that Mr. DUFF COOPER's broadcast on the present infamy of Italy and on her lamentable military record should be thought to go too far; but Mr. McLAREN said it had shocked him. Mr. DUFF COOPER replied forcefully that wars were not won by flattery.

Wednesday, June 12th.—Lord ELI-BANK's anxiety about the integrity of the B.B.C. staff drew from the Duke of DEVONSHIRE the information that at the beginning of the war the credentials of everyone at Broadcasting House were vetted by the Security Departments; and his statement that Professor OGILVIE, in spite of an excellent war record, was a pacifist, brought so complete a denial from Lord SALISBURY that he tendered an ample apology.

The Commons made the delightful discovery during Questions that QUISLING had had a C.B.E. from the Labour Government in 1929. He has now been de-C.B.E.ed, and it is to be hoped he will soon suffer more important deprivations at the hands of some loyal Norwegian.

Mr. SHAKESPEARE announced that under his Chairmanship a Committee was urgently considering the generous offers received from the Dominions to take children from Great Britain, and Sir JOHN ANDERSON, reviewing A.R.P., declared himself against what he called "deep-shelter mentality."

Thursday, June 13th.—Lord MARLEY, defending the *Daily Worker* against an attack by Lord NEWTON, who said he thought British Fascists were not nearly so dangerous as British Communists, made the interesting suggestion that Captain RAMSAY had been detained because he had been nominated Gauleiter of Scotland.

In the Commons Mr. ASSHETON explained that though general holidays were taboo, employers should arrange as quickly as possible for periodic one-day rests for workers; Sir JOHN ANDERSON met with great pressure from Members who considered it scandalous that racing should go on; and Mr. MACDONALD defended the Government's adherence to the voluntary system in their plans for evacuation.



A FAIRY GODMOTHER FOR THE NEEDY

MR. BOOTHBY



AT THE CROSS-ROADS

SIR JOHN ANDERSON



MISLEADING THE ENEMY

Painted Full of Tongues

[“Hast thou heard a word? Let it die with thee; be of good courage, it will not burst thee.”—*Ecclesiasticus*.]

FROM day to day, from day to day,
New rumours float upon the air;
Where they are started none can say;
One asks, and echo answers “Where?”

Their voice is never plain and clear;
They creep about and make no sound,
But fool on fool will lend an ear
And fool to fool will pass them round.

They have their little day and die
And others come before they're gone,
And each in turn will prove a lie
And still find fools to pass it on.

For those who by mere folly spread
False darkness, being what they are,
Though maybe they'd be better dead,
At first we need not go too far.

Some few months' hard would be enough,
For theirs is but a minor part
(Let us be stern, but never rough);
But you who give the thing a start

A frightful vengeance would I wreak,
A sombre warning to the young;
Your whole lives through, you shall not speak
Excepting in the German tongue.

DUM-DUM.

The Paper-Chase

FOR the past few days Larry Dunne has been refusing point-blank to supply brown paper bags to the many customers who, as he says, “think theirselves too lawdydaw” to carry home a parcel of groceries wrapped uncertainly in a printed page. “You may be gone altogether finickineerin’,” he said to a young woman who railed bitterly against being asked to carry such an unsightly bundle, “but more nor likely in a few weeks’ time there mightn’t be anny newspaper ayther, an’ then you may go along the sthreet hung down wid your mother’s candles the very same as a Chrisamas-three.”

The subsequent receipt by old Lord Fenton of several envelopes that had been pressed into service a second time by friends in England encouraged the proprietor of Derreen’s one provision shop in his determination to save paper, though the postman strongly disapproved of this particular form of economy. “Them letthers had an altogether unnahtural appearance,” that official said. “If it was me, I wouldn’t like to see one of them comin’ to me house, so I wouldn’t, for they look a kind of decrepit; but high-up

quality is never too exact. Th' envelopes do have a piece of paper pasted over th' old ad-dress, as far as it'll go, an' whatever it won't cover the people scribbles on it: an' then, more nor likely, the gable end of it, as you might say, is tore be the Censor an' another stretch of paper is pasted upon that. Do you know what I thought when I seen the first of them? I thought 'There's as much paper on that as'd make another envelope, or mebbe two.' I hope Derreen 'll never come undher the clause for the like of that, for you'd be hard set to tell the masterpiece of the affair."

Almost immediately Larry Dunne went a step further in his campaign. The village must make its own collection of waste-paper, he announced, and he himself would be responsible for its safe housing in his own small loft until it was called for by the eager authorities. According to his brother in Dublin, such collections "greatly discommoded Hickler," as well as guaranteeing in some unknown way the continued production of newspapers.

Knowing how much more serious any irregularity in the time of publishing the local *Mediator* would seem to some of his customers when compared with knocking Hitler about, Larry emphasized that side of the question to them. "He stood there weighin' out the inions," one man told of him, "an' he gev out all sorts of asthronomical terrums. 'Every bit of paper that Derreen sends to Dublin,' he says, 'meets wid some scientific class of jugglery an' comes out agen in news. If so be ye don't gother it mebbe ye'll be widout *The Mediathor*, an' where will ye be then, I dunno, an' huz not knowin' what's goin' on around here in the line of hay auctions or the lettin' of land. Them daily papers is all right

for war news, but they'll never let out one ha'porth about Derreen. Let ye bring a sack of paper here an' doss it down in the loft above,' says he, 'an' be the time it's processed there's no fear but *The Mediathor* will continya,' he says."

To the father of a boy now serving with the B.E.F. Larry emphasized rather the effect upon the enemy of this systematic collecting of paper—preferably brown. "That devil wants no one to have the newspaper only himself," he said, "for he'd sooner set that Hee-Haw brayin' across th' ether, as the sayin' is, about things that never happened at all, an' the lads knockin' desolation into them at the same time."

The pile in Larry Dunne's loft grew higher, but not so high as some people thought it should. It was old Lord Fenton's chauffeur who, lingering outside the open door of the shop, heard part of the conversation between the proprietor and the man who, according to Derreen, "thravels in paper bags." "I won't be wantin' anny more tills the dear knows when," he heard Larry say complacently; "be the time I have used up all that's in the loft the war should be over, surely."

Once formed, the habit of saving paper persists in Derreen, but now the sacks are emptied in Lord Fenton's disused harness-room. "The Lord goes mad for it," the people say with satisfaction, and closely examine any brown-paper bag supplied by Larry Dunne. "I remember that splash of turpentine well," one housewife said, and held up the receptacle from which the groceries had just been lifted. Her husband nodded. "That's what they call corrosive evidence," he agreed.

D. M. L.



"Keep an eye on the 'Ivy' till I gets back, will you, Officer?"

At the Revue

"COME OUT OF YOUR SHELL"
(CRITERION)

WHAT I like mainly about this revue is that it strikes out boldly in all directions. You cannot say of it that it is



BEDTIME STORY
MISS ANNETTE MILLS

either intimate or remote (like President ROOSEVELT I haven't my thesaurus by me, and I have never discovered what is the opposite of intimate in a theatrical sense) or this or that; you must say rather that it is a lively entertainment which takes a wide angle and is therefore not ashamed when now and then it misses.

Its leads are Miss MAGDA KUN, Miss ANNETTE MILLS, Miss NADINE MARCH, Miss GRETA GYNT, Mr. FRANK PETTINGELL, Mr. WILFRID HYDE WHITE and Mr. BRIAN BUCHEL, and before we turn to their individual achievements let me tell you something of the two sketches which pleased me more than anything else in the show. They are both very silly indeed. One, which is, I think, just the more sublime, is called "The Show Must Go On" and illustrates powerfully the *esprit de famille* which is so splendid a feature of the circus world. There are a father, a mother and two sons concerned in a weight-lifting act which begins with *Papa* flexing his disgusting muscles on an immense leaden dumb-bell and then flinging it,

after the orchestra's drummer has let himself go on one of those whisking crescendos which in the circus world always herald some particularly revolting feat, at the chest of his elder son, the rest of the family standing by in attitudes—though naturally they are hideously bored—of rapt admiration. *Papa* is just a hydraulic crane in human guise, but alas! his gifts have not been transmitted. On receipt of the dumb-bell the hope of the family, instead of flicking it gaily over his head, takes it straight on the jaw and dies gracefully. But the show must go on. The body removed, the whole business is repeated, with drums and muscles and maternal "ally-oops"; but the cadet is no more worthy than his brother. He too is soon dispatched. The show must go on. *Mama* takes her turn, and very quickly all that is left is a hydraulic widower, who, devoted to ritual and tradition, plays all the parts in this strange drama and finally gets his own head in the way of the dumb-bell. That stops the show for good. *Papa* is Mr. PETTINGELL, *Mama* is Miss KUN, and the *Boys* are Mr. HYDE WHITE and Mr. HUGH LATIMER.

"La Leçon Française" is my other favourite, in which wireless language-instruction crystallises in a scene showing a French family at breakfast. Miss MARCH scores freely as the *Professeuse* who comments with great grammatical rigidity on its actions.

Of the other sketches (they are all by Mr. AUBREY ENSOR) the best is an excellent rag of the sort of speech Cabinet ornaments in the last Government used to broadcast at the beginning of the war, and a satire on Mr.



OLD AND MILD

Reuben Mr. FRANK PETTINGELL
Phæbe Miss NADINE MARCH
Garge Mr. WILFRID HYDE WHITE

PRIESTLEY's late absorption in time theories, showing a novelist (Mr. PETTINGELL) whose domestic life is unexpectedly complicated by the equal presence of yesterday and to-morrow.

Miss KUN sings slightly sentimental, faintly naughty songs with spirit and gaiety, and her voice is up to the job.



SPRING
MR. WILFRID HYDE WHITE

Her mock rumba, in a lovely dress, is her most effective turn, but I liked her "Pinocchio" and the way she sang "I've Put My Heart in Store." Authoress of "Booms-a-Daisy," which she translated charmingly into French, Miss MILLS gave us several other good songs, including one which she claimed had been banned by somebody dealing with the entertainment of the troops. I saw nothing wrong with it, but you know how touchy troops are.

Full marks must go to Mr. HYDE WHITE for his delightfully casual rendering of a song reminding us that there used to be a thing called Spring, and one day will be again. There are several other items which I should mention if paper didn't come from Scandinavia, and one, "Three Blonde Mice," which is asking for a blue pencil.

Lyrics by LESLIE JULIAN JONES and AUBREY ENSOR (good), music by LESLIE JULIAN JONES (reasonably infectious), and décor (varied and cheerful), by MALCOLM BAKER-SMITH.

ERIC.



"But you must remember that I outnumbered them by one to three."

The Oracle

SUBJECTS that the sophists have long squeezed dry are still fervid in certain parts of the English countryside.

"I don't know what all the bother's about," says Joe Yapp. "If the danged things open as soon as they jump out they'll be easy popped off."

"Ear, 'ear," acquiesces a goodly portion of the "White Lion" tap. Actually few of them agree with him, but they ape to do so for peace and quietness' sake since Joe is the possessor of an aggressive look and a remarkably penetrative voice.

"Say they jumps out at thirty thousan' feet," he pursues, "why, a feller could get 'em with a bow and arrow."

"Thass right, Joe," his auditors assent.

"An' if 'e missed fust time," Joe proceeds, "'e could still have 'arf a duzzin more tries an' retrieve his arer every time."

"'E could and so," agrees the chorus.

"Lass time I see a parrershootist," Joe avows, "'twas up at Biblebury

Fair. 'E dropped three-quarter way afore he pulled the string and then 'e was twenty minutes afore he landed. Thirty thousan' feet, now . . . thirty thousan' feet . . ."

He deduces something about thirty thousand feet from an intense survey of the room's upper beams.

"Thirty thousan' feet," he resumes, "why, a feller as opened at thirty thousan' feet might be dead afore he touched the ground."

There was a puissant silence.

"O' 'unger?" someone hazards.

Joe fixes the man with his eye.

"'Unger my foot!" he says. He points cryptically to his own diaphragm. "Shooken innards," he elucidates. "They swing vigorously, them parrershoots do."

The interrupter having been squashed, there is a further silence. Joe obviously requires feeding. Soon this happens.

"There'll be an art i' landing, winnat there, Joe?" someone inquires.

It is sufficient.

"There is that," Joe declares. "The fust thing they larn a Jarmin parrer-shootist is never to land with 'is tongue atween his teeth."

"Or 'e mightn't be able to ax his way?" a member of the company suggests.

Joe glances round quickly, but every face is straight and without the nuance of a smile.

"Second," he proceeds, "is allus to land on the ball o' the foot. Ball o' the foot," he repeats, rolling the phrase round his tongue. "And pitch forrard," he augments, "like them Japanese ju-jitzy experts do in Japan."

"Nay, Joe," someone remarks innocently. "In Japan they land on their 'eels and pitch backerts. I read it."

Joe pauses and weighs the statement. But he is by no means baffled.

"That's because Japan's on the other side o' the world," he alleges. "Everything's wrong way round there. It's night when it's day 'ere. When they're sawing a plank o' wood i' Japan they fix the saw an' work the plank across it."



"I've heard there's rather a quaint local superstition about eating 'spotted dick' on Midsummer Day."

He shatters the impact caused by this utterance himself.

"Third, never land on shingle or broken glass. Fourth . . ."

But time is drawing on and at this moment the landlord leans across the bar.

"Time, gentlemen, please!" he calls.

As the company rises to depart the stranger in the corner who is putting up for the night at the inn observes that Joe carries himself stiffly and is walking with the aid of two sticks.

"Hello! Had an accident?" he asks sympathetically.

"Vertibrate! Coupla month yet," Joe announces succinctly.

"What happened to your altitudinal expert?" the stranger inquires of the landlord when the house is cleared.

"One o' them accidents in a million, Sir," the landlord replies. "Joe jarred his spine queer. He'll be all right in a coupla month."

"Exactly what caused it?" the stranger persists.

"He was coming downstairs in the dark, Sir," the landlord deploys. "He thought he 'ad gone down the last step and he 'adn't."

"Tough luck!" comments the stranger. "How far did he drop?"

"About eleven inches, Sir," answers the landlord.

Sound an Alarm.

I READ with interest the other day that the National Federation of Fish Friers were unanimously agreed that a Government subsidy of a million pounds was needed to carry the trade through the lean years of the war. Lest my good friends the Fish Friers should suspect me of intending directly or indirectly to deprecate their cause, I should like to say right away that I am with them heart and soul in their crusade. I take this stand not only because of the great loss which our national culture would sustain were the craft of fish-frying to die out (to be revived perhaps, a hundred years hence, by some latter-day William Morris), but also because the method favoured by the Fish Friers for distributing their goods provides the consumer with one of the pleasantest and most satisfactory methods of keeping in touch with current affairs. A steady, habitual chip-eater, provided he is not too liberal with the vinegar, is assured not only of an adequate supply of Vitamin C but of a uniquely clear and undistorted picture of what is going on in the world. News, as it comes to the chip-eater, is no longer news; it is history. It gives rise to no anxiety, no feverish waiting on events, no idle fears. It is read for its intrinsic value; it is contemporary literature. Well might *Prince Hamlet* reply to *Polonius*, when that eminent Civil Servant denied that he was a fishmonger, "Then I would you were so honest a man."

The questions of maintaining our supplies of fried fish and chips, and of paper to wrap them up in, are doubtless at this moment engaging the anxious attention of better men than myself; and I have no intention of presuming to air my immature views on the matter. Actually the item of news which forms the subject of this article (and which I intend to comment on if I can work round to it within a reasonable time) did not come to me via the Fish Friers, but by another though similar route. I was transferring a few modest articles of apparel from my suitcase to a chest of drawers when my eye was caught by a headline displayed (albeit upside-down) on the sheet of newspaper lining the bottom drawer. It said:

**"FALSE AIR-RAID WARNING:
POSTMASTER ARRESTED."**

There was something intriguing in the seeming inconsequence of the sub-heading; for to the best of my knowledge no attempt has yet been made by

either the civil or the military authorities to shuffle off the responsibility for sounding air-raid warnings on to the universally respected servants of the Postmaster-General. Not without a considerable strain on the muscles of the neck, I managed to read on. I was rewarded not only by a full and satisfactory explanation of the mystery but by an account of one of the most stirring instances of independent-minded action, coupled with a fearless honesty and simpleness of purpose, that has ever come to my notice.

The incident, it seems, took place in a small town in Japan—thus explaining the implication of the postmaster. In a country where it is customary to address letters not merely backwards but (as it were) left-handed and inside-out, it is obvious that the postmaster of even the smallest town needs to be a man of outstanding executive ability, broad-mindedness and self-control; and it is not surprising that on him above all others should fall the responsibility for releasing the dogs of A.R.P. It is more surprising that such a man should be guilty of deliberately sounding a false alarm. The consequences, in this particular instance, were considerable: searchlights went on, street lights went off, fire-engines came clamouring down the roads, and other sirens took up the call and spread it far and wide. Altogether (says the report) eight thousand A.R.P. workers were called out; and it was many hours before they decided to call it a day.

Was it treachery, one wonders, that prompted the dastardly act? Was the postmaster a Quisling in the pay of Chiang Kai-Shek, seeking to undermine the morale of the Japanese nation? Or was the siren sounded in faint-hearted panic at an imagined approach of Chinese aircraft? As I say, one wonders; one would like to know.

We are all friends together here, and I will not conceal from you that the best of this little moral anecdote has been kept to the last. For the core and nub of the story is the statement which this anonymous postmaster made to the police. Reading it, I cannot but feel that henceforth George Washington and his cherry-tree must take a second place in the ranks of the Truth-Tellers. First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his fellow-men, the great American scorned to tell a lie; he freely admitted that he had done the deed—"with his little hatchet." But he did not say *why* he had done it. His motives must now forever remain a matter of conjecture. Not so the motives of the Japanese postmaster. The postmaster could not keep counsel; he told all.

Words begin to fail me as I approach the crisis of the tale. Let Reuter, the dispassionate, finish the story for me: "I did it partly for fun and partly for practice," he told the police. "Banzai! Banzai! Attaboy!"

"German parachutists are not allowed to drop without penalty."

Expected Notice in our Club-house.

"STAN LAUREL OLIVER HARDY

in

THE FLYING DUCES"

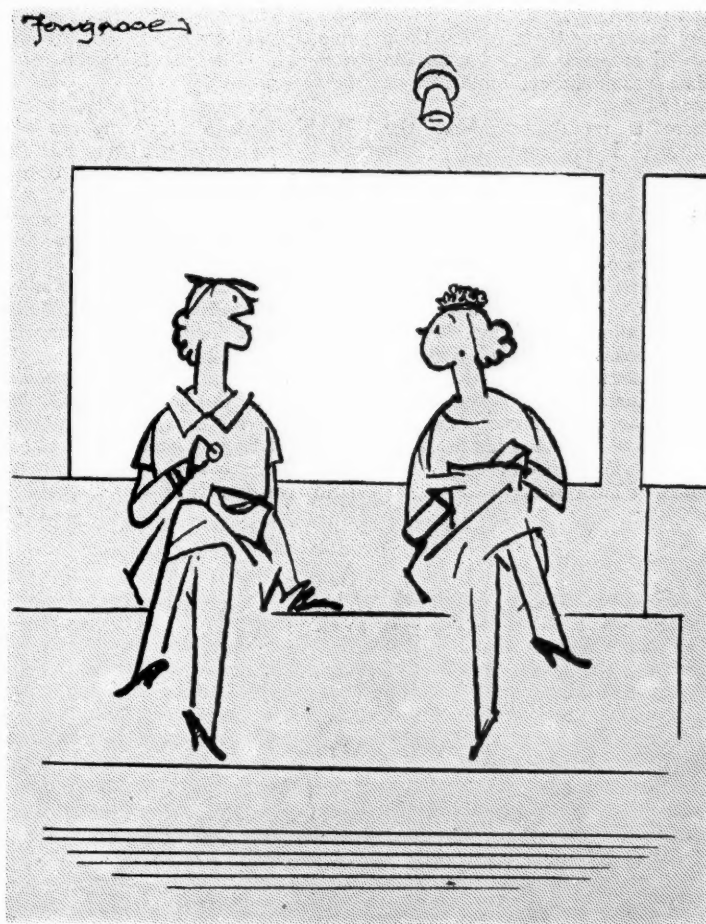
Local Paper.

One will be enough.

National Service

I WAS a worm in a window-box
In a house in Berkeley Square.
I came to the surface twice a day
To breathe the ducal air.
Fine plants from famous nurseries
Refreshed me all the year;
I turned the soil, and laboured well
In my appointed sphere.

Now all is changed; the box is bare,
My toil is but in vain,
And yet I long to do my bit
And help the Food Campaign.
Allotment-holder, gardener, come,
Hear my impassioned plea,
And take a patriotic worm
To Dig for Victory.



"If the Government want me to carry my gas-mask, then they ought to make me—it's so utterly ridiculous to leave it to my discretion!"

Tell His Fortune

"WHAT kind of person," asked M. le Curé, "is a gallus person? I gather that the adjective is uncomplimentary, but even Père Junot, that phenomenal old liar, cannot invent an equivalent."

"A gallus person," I said, "is one wholly undesirable. Devoid of honour, of shame, and of a sense of humour, he is bound to end on the gallows—a *pendard*, in short. I presume you have been talking to a Yorkshireman."

"To many Yorkshiremen," replied M. le Curé with a dignified smile. "To a whole battalion, in fact."

"I trust you found them *convenable*," I said.

"They were large rough men," admitted M. le Curé, "and not without a certain subtlety. In truth it was only by observing them during their unguarded moments that I was able to estimate their character and enlarge my vocabulary."

"There is no doubt about the vocabulary," I said cautiously, "but I was not aware that a Yorkshireman had any unguarded moments."

"It was during a combat of football," explained M. le Curé. "For instance, a man of Yorkshire observed, in an axiomatic manner and with a superfluity of negatives, to a man of another battalion, that his mob did not frame like addling no goals. What he meant I do not know, but it was something very insulting, for the other, a dark fiery man, cried in trumpet tones: 'Yes, no?' and projected his fist with considerable violence into the right eye of the man of Yorkshire, blacking it, as

subsequently appeared, half-way down to his chin."

"He must have been a Welshman," I said. "They are a proud race, and do not brook base insinuations. What followed?"

"Six separate riots followed," said M. le Curé with a look of something like enjoyment, "and all the while the combat of football raged. A strangely shaped ball is the centre of a desperate struggle, during which the men of Yorkshire and the Welshmen overthrow and stamp on each other, using the most curious expressions. A man of Yorkshire, having been felled to the ground and stripped of—of most of his exiguous costume, remarked in a pained voice that such conduct was not jonnocky. What does that mean?"

"A man is not jonnocky," I said, "when his ideology does not correspond with our ideology. It is not jonnocky, let us say, for the leaders of a nation to secrete huge fortunes in other countries."

"I comprehend perfectly," beamed M. le Curé. "However, the other Yorkshiremen did not agree with their comradé, for they laughed coarsely and instructed him to shut his gawp. As they pronounced it, I am bound to say it sounded most expressive, and I found myself wishing we could use it in our broadcasts to the enemy."

"It is indeed a pity," I said. "There are some Yorkshire expressions which would cow any enemy."

"But not all are comprehensible," said M. le Curé. "For instance, a Yorkshire sergeant, having amassed money, I fear by gambling, desired to send it home to his father by poor stuffy sawder. Now what is that?"



"England expects . . ."

"A manner of speaking," I said. "It signifies a money order. One applauds the sergeant's filial piety, though one may look askance at his financial methods. No one should gamble with a Yorkshireman, except another Yorkshireman."

"Precisely what the Welshmen said," agreed M. le Curé. "They told me many remarkable things about the men of Yorkshire, as that if you were to shake a bridle over the grave of a Yorkshireman the corpse would instantly arise and steal a horse. What they said about the father of this sergeant I would prefer not to repeat. The sergeant was fond of eulogising his father in deathless prose."

"Yorkshire sergeants are particularly good at deathless prose," I said.

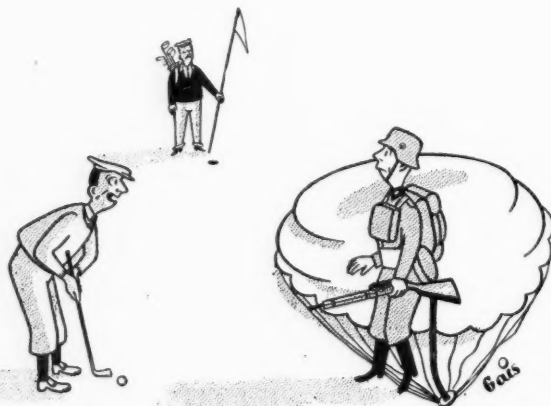
"His father, it appears," resumed M. le Curé, "was a soldier of the last war, and is now guarding a bridge in Yorkshire. Heaven help the Bosche who goes to Yorkshire! The sergeant said his father was a man who had a mind to do as he had a mind, and took an outside in corsets, adding in a Homeric way that he was a hardfaced greyheaded old devil."

"That," I said, "is a most generous compliment, coming from one Yorkshireman to another."

"But," pursued M. le Curé, "however intransigent the men of Yorkshire may be, the ladies are far more so. He told me that the husbands of Yorkshire are so crushed by their wives that they have formed a Henpecked Husbands' Society. The members meet in secret, carrying dish-cloths, and give the sign of recognition by raising the right arm smartly above the head, as if to ward off a blow."

"Come, come," I said, "this is to jest with a serious subject. But to come back to the word you inquired about. Who is the person, without honour, shame, or sense of humour, and bound for the scaffold, whom the English soldiers stigmatise as gallus?"

"Need you ask, Monsieur?" said M. le Curé affably. W. G.



"Will you stop rustling that parachute!"



Skillicorn on Economy

Economy

IN wartime when there is a scarcity of practically everything it is everybody's duty to economize as much as they can, especially in food, petrol and things like that.

I will begin with food. One of the first things the Government did when the war broke out was to start rationing everybody for food. This is done by everybody having to have a ration book containing so many coupons for different kinds of food. The ones rationed at present are: meat, butter, margarine, sugar and cooking fats. Everybody has to be registered with a particular shop and have their coupons cut off each week. This of course adds greatly to the troubles of the poor hardworking housewife as she has to make the food go further which is not easy with three or four growing children and perhaps a husband to feed I can tell you. But of course it is a lot better than having to stand in queues waiting for food like the

German women have to do and then perhaps not get any in the end. At least we can thank Mr. Chamberlain for that, whatever people may say. At first the butter ration was a $\frac{1}{4}$ of a lb. but afterwards it was raised to half a lb., this was because with the price going up a lot of poor people couldn't afford to buy their full amount and so it got left in the shops so they put the ration up so that the richer people could buy more, this seems hardly fair, surely it would have been a lot better to sell it at a lower price so that everybody could have some. We talk about England being a democratic country but is it.

Then there are other things which have to be economized such as paper, petrol, etc. A lot of paper comes from Norway and Sweden or rather the wood pulp from which the paper is made does, so that due to the effects of the war in Norway it is practically impossible to get any. This brings the war home to

us school boys as we all have to write on both sides of the paper now. If old Hitler goes on as he is doing and invades Sweden we perhaps shan't have any paper to write on at all and this would practically bring education to a standstill. But I don't think this is very likely. Some masters I have noticed are economizing by not giving boys lines to write out so often, but not all.

Then there is economizing in money. It said on the wireless the other day that we should all buy less and try to save a little bit every day and put it into Savings Certificates. The only difficulty is if everybody stops buying things how are the shopkeepers going to make any money to save. It is certainly a difficult problem and on the whole there is much to be said on both sides.

In conclusion there are lots of ways too numerous to mention in which even the youngest of us can save and thus do our bit in the great struggle.



"And here is Professor Wadkyn, who is going to give a talk on 'Fun and Games in Ancient Babylon.'"

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Give Me Liberty

A CONSENSUS of the best minds of all ages that freedom is the chief condition of human happiness, a consensus of the greatest English minds of the past seven hundred years that England stands or falls by this condition, renders Sir BRUCE RICHMOND's anthology, *The Pattern of Freedom* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6), striking as a manifesto and comfortable—in the Prayer Book sense—to his co-believers. The philosophical founts of Christianity, Hebrew, Greek and Roman provide inexhaustible draughts of principle; but when it comes to practice, England has been pre-eminent, not only in her own opinion but in the opinion of those whom her "unintended" Empire—the word is SANTAYANA'S—has brought under the *Pax Britannica*. When our enemies can produce anything like the tribute of General SMUTS to "the fuller, richer and more various life" of the nations thus comprised it will be time to concede them a right to initiate changes. Until then, this book of the devotions, as it were, of patriotism will—all the more justly and inevitably because few of them were composed for the occasion—inspire us with a renewed sense of the supreme cleavage between what CHAUCER called "the fayre party" and "the foule."

France

"... logical people are never brutal, they are never sentimental, they are never careless, they are never intimate, in short they are peaceful and exciting, that is to say they are French." Well now this is one of the many penetrating things said by Miss GERTRUDE STEIN in her book *Paris France* (BATSFORD, 7/6) and those who fear Miss STEIN

writes too oddly for them to take in can rest assured she doesn't go further here than the way this review is written, and she says a lot of things about the French which could only be said by someone who has lived among the French for a long time as Miss STEIN has and loved them. MILLET's "Man With a Hoe" first made her understand France wasn't country but earth and now she has come to see France has been the background to the art of the twentieth century because tradition kept the French from changing while they yet saw things straight. When people told her two years ago France was effete she replied French hats had never been more various and lovely while German music and musicians were dead and we should see. On the whole a wise book and a wise book.

Everyman, His Cornucopia

"Books," said WORDSWORTH, "are a substantial world"—and with so much that used to appear more solid crumbling round us, the monumental comfort of classics—whether old masterpieces or classics in the making—is even more apparent than usual. Classics that you can slip into your pocket are above all acceptable—for who can be sure of his library shelves now? And here are three new volumes in *Everyman's Library* (DENT, 2/6 apiece), catering for three very different tastes or for the happy virtuosity that can turn from romance to realism and from realism to fantasy with as varied an appreciation. *Swinburne, Poems and Prose* enthusiastically reintroduces to a world newly aroused, wholly oblivious or still mindful "a major poet" and a most stimulating critic; a charming diarist, whose centenary this January found her with her best work out of print, reappears in admirable selections from *The Diary of Fanny Burney*; and *Modern Humour* ranges from the *chefs d'œuvres* of SHAW and BELLOC to the latest clerihews. Mr. RICHARD CHURCH, Mr. LEWIS GIBBS and Messrs. GUY POCOCK and M. M. BOZMAN introduce these three volumes in two excellent prose prefaces and a rhymed prologue respectively.



Towards a Future

MR. MAXWELL GARNETT still has heart to look beyond the apparently total ruin that has befallen collective security and the League of Nations to a renewal of our high hopes for progressive world development. In *A Lasting Peace* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 7/6) he does not merely indicate in one more wearisome reiteration the mistakes that were made and the wrong turnings taken, but mixing politics and religion and economics he presses constructive proposals for the building up of a world-wide community educated in world loyalty. Mr. H. F. KOEPLER, contributing chapters on a free Germany's part in a new order, makes the pointed suggestion that no German agreement to co-operate can ever be accepted as substantive unless it includes the overthrow of that Prussian Junkerdom of which even Hitlerism is only the latest phase. Such an overthrow would not be genuine, he declares, unless it involved the break-up of the great landed estates and the restoration of a peasant yeomanry. In the main, however, this book is not concerned with even such a useful piece of destruction as this but with a rebuilding on a firmer basis. For much good faith in the present and good hope for the future we may be grateful to Mr. GARNETT. Someone must still keep on trying to look a little way ahead.

The Wizard of Pueblo

MR. DAMON RUNYON needs no introduction, and *My Old Man* (CONSTABLE, 7/6) no boosting to make it a lasting success. Its idiom is much quieter than Mr. RUNYON's common form. After a lifetime running a paper in a small town of America "My Old Man" had sized up life pretty squarely, looked at himself closely in a hard light, thrown all the vanities aside and was prepared, especially if you stood him a drink, to comment shrewdly but with broad tolerance on humanity. This book is a collection of his summings-up on a large variety of subjects and is most vigorously to be recommended as satisfying our Clerks in Profundity and Humour, two subjects for which we rarely award diplomas. "My Old Man" thought that if there was one saying more than another which he hated it was that everything happened for the best. He only voted in elections where a good man was matched against a bad, for he considered that two bad men or two good men equally cancelled out. He said that "every community ought to have a commission that would annually brush children over twenty-one years of age off parents like you knock barnacles off a ship's bottom." And he said a lot of other things, for most of which the little burg of Pueblo seems to have punched him regularly on the nose.



BADINAGE OF THE MOMENT

"... AND IF YER 'APPENS TO WANT A SMACK ACROST THE FICE, YOU CAN 'AVE IT WIVOUT A COUPON."

Charles Harrison June 19th, 1918

Path of a Star

There is a quiet story of honours fairly won and modestly enjoyed in *George Arliss: By Himself* (MURRAY, 15/-) which will entertain his many admirers—those in particular who are curious as to what precisely goes on behind the scenes of his queer trade. Adventures of the struggle period already covered in an earlier volume give way, says our autobiographer, to "routine"—the routine of story-finding and script-making—which includes the turning of authors if tractable into "writers" conscious of the strange exigencies of the medium; of casting, with occasional discovery of vivid talent; of conference and negotiation with magnates and executives who, we are assured, are not as

tough as they are painted—and sometimes look; of work on the “set,” with some disclosure of tricks of the trade; and of rest and blameless recreations, among which, the author is not ashamed to confess, is the being recognised in public places by fans with cries of “Good old George” or what not. It was outside routine that WILLIAM ARCHER in solemn black suit and bowler should gallantly rescue a drowning tripper and be chiefly concerned about the temporary loss of his umbrella—a superb story admirably told with a humour this side facetiousness. Mr. ARLISS carries his three score and twelve years lightly and keeps glowing a certain flame of desire for what he calls “plus values.”

Between the Devil and the Sea

MISS RUMER GODDEN's latest novel, *Gypsy Gypsy* (PETER DAVIES, 7/6), is a beautiful and sinister book—beautiful in its descriptions of natural scenes and the charm of certain characters, sinister in its interpretation of an evil spirit possessing a lovely woman. When *Henrietta* revisited the Normandy château with her aunt, *Barbe de Longuemare*, she expected to be switched back again into childhood and be welcomed home by the fisher-folk of the village. But the old servants had been dismissed, the peasant children ran away from her and the tender of the cider orchards spat when she passed. Gradually she discovered that everyone who came from the château was hated: even flowers from the garden were sent back from the chapel by the priest. This was because ever since she was widowed *Barbe* had neglected and persecuted her tenants. The book moves slowly with a gradual increasing of horror from the time the gypsies are allowed to camp in an orchard, and *Barbe's* obsession—that it is possible to discharge an evil spirit by passing on its sins to an untouched one—grows. There is excitement and tensy as well as terror in the book, but *Henrietta* does not seem to be really alive and there is no humour.

Contemporary History

Commander A. B. CAMPBELL, R.D., has written one of the 1940 War books, *The Battle of the Plate* (HERBERT JENKINS, 7/6). But it is a great pity that he did not have his book thoroughly “vetted” by a Royal Naval officer before publication. The technical mistakes are too many to enumerate, but cruisers (or even the s.s. *Formose*) do not alter course by going full ahead on one engine and full astern on the other; the speed of the *Altmark* on her voyage home is given as “the monotony of three knots to . . .”

“on several occasions twenty-six knots.” (She could hardly exceed twelve.) Further, the author does not know how a torpedo is fired from a cruiser. The book is well got up and the photographs are well-chosen and reproduced; but the story of the two actions, with the pocket-battleship and later her consort, are too fine in themselves to be marred by inaccuracies, though the author has taken a lot of trouble and rightly admires the gallantry shown by our officers and men. It is perhaps timely that this book appears at about the same date as the official Admiralty White Paper on the Battle. It might be read with the Paper beside one as a reference.

Expedition

Although the three *Miss Weekes* anticipated difficulties when they went to visit their niece in London they were unprepared for the clouds of trouble that beset them. To begin with these maiden ladies were mistaken for people far more dangerous to the community, and subsequently they found themselves in the midst of many and great perils. In strange surroundings and during hours of crisis the most resourceful of the trio took charge of affairs, and anyone who reads of her exploits will admit that no better title for them than *Aunt Sunday Sees it Through* (COLLINS, 7/6) could be imagined. Apart from one incident Mr. J. JEFFERSON FARJEON has withstood the temptation to make his amusing story too incredible.

Words in Season

Writing before war broke out in Europe, Mr. KENNETH FARNES, in *Tours and Tests* (LUTTERWORTH PRESS, 6/-), says that first-class cricket in the summer of last year was “in a better condition than it has been for a long time.” It is good in these days to ponder over such an optimistic statement, and comforting to seek relaxation and refreshment by reading what Mr. FARNES, with commendable modesty, has to say about his own career as a cricketer. It is no exaggeration to assert that he has proved himself one of the world's most accomplished and graceful fast bowlers. Supplemented by well-produced illustrations this is a volume that no cricket-lover should miss.

Three sets of postcards reproducing drawings from our pages have been brought out by THE FINE ARTS PUBLISHING Co., LTD., under the title of *Punch Tonic Postcards*, at sixpence for a set of six. One set is devoted to cartoons to do with the war, the other two give a selection of joke drawings. With all due modesty Mr. Punch commends these enterprises to his readers.



“Anyhow he LOOKS a foreigner.”

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